1. Ireland Robertson

stern. Cavinistic Puritanism of Scotland has doubtless to answer for some idiosyncrasies of the people. While it produced heroes and martyrs. nen of unwavering probity and dauntless courage whose rigid adherence to their convictions compels respect it was also reponsible for a certain narrowness of vision and for intolerance in some directions. To these less estimable character-

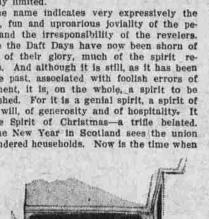
istics Scotland owed the doubtful distinction which she enjoyed till within the past few years of being the only Christian country in the world in which the greatest of the Christian festivals was ignored. Ignored It was, absolutely. Christian observances and Christmas festivities were anathema to the true-blue Scot of a generation ago. Not, be it noted, because he objected to mirth and joviality in themselves. Those who imagine that the old life of Scotland from year's end to year's end was dull, gray and colorless make a profound mistake. The observance of Christmas was ignored because it offended the religions susceptibilities of the Scot.

Even yet non-observance of Christmas must, in truth, be reckoned among the peculiarities of Scotland. A better, kinder and more tolerant spirit exists, but the old feeling is not quite dead. Moreover national customs and the usages of centuries are not to be changed quickly. Christmas observance in Scotland is, at the best, only in its infancy.

It is when Christmas festivities have come to an end, and roast turkey, goose, plum pudding and mince pies are but memories (more or less pleasant), that Scotland enters upon her great annual saturnalia. From time immemorial boisterous, and in many cases bacchanalian reveiry has been associated with the close of the old and the opening of the new Formerly the period was distinguished by the significant title of "The Daft Days." The name was given more particularly to the season between Hogmanay (the last day of the year) and Handsel Monday (the first Monday after New Year's day), but, like the generos ity which characterized it, the time was not strictly limited.

The name indicates very expressively the mirth, fun and uproarious joviality of the period and the irresponsibility of the revelers. While the Daft Days have now been shorn of some of their glory, much of the spirit remains. And although it is still, as it has been in the past, associated with foolish errors of judgment, it is, on the whole, a spirit to be cherished. For it is a genial spirit, a spirit of good will, of generosity and of hospitality. It is the Spirit of Christmas-a trifle belated.

The New Year in Scotland sees the union of sundered households. Now is the time when





Immediately the clock strikes 12 everybody rushes off to be 'first-foot' to some of friends."

sons and daughters who have gone forth to the battle of life return to the old home and the old hearth; when ancient feuds are healed; when friends abroad are remembered with love and friends at home entertained. It is a spirit of gener-

ous hospitality which, as the year draws to a close, leads the guidman and the guidwife to lay in their kebbuck (a cheese), and a stock of shortbread, current bun and other indigestible luxuries. The first and, in most parts of Scotland, the greatest of the Daft Days was Hogmanay. Lexicographers have

puzzled greatly over this term, and many guesses have been made as to its derivation and origin. It is said by some to come from the Scandinavian hoggu-nott, hogehogg-night, while others, perhaps the majority, hold that it comes from the French. The opening words of an old Scots' ditty, "Hogmanay, Trolloday," are supposed to be a coruption of Homme est ne-Trois Rois la. And Hogmanay is also said to be derived from Au gui menezi-a cry used by boys and girls in some parts of France when visiting houses on the last day of the year. Jameson, the great authority on the Scots language, gives a big selection of derivations, and a writer who quotes several observes very ingenuously that "the reader may select for himself that which he considers the most probable. It used to be customary in Scotland, and is still in

some places, for bands of children to visit the houses of the well-to-do on the last day of the year for the purpose of receiving a "Hogmanay piece." The "piece" consists sometimes of oatmeal cake and cheese, but more frequently of richer dainties such as shorthread. It is not regarded by either givers or recipients as a dole; it is a hospitable gift in recognition of the season. Rhymes are recited by the children, but these vary in different localities. One which is still in use in Aberdeenshire and the north of Scotland runs thus:

"Get up, guidwife, an' shak' your feathers, An' dinna think that we are beggars; For we are bairns come oot to play; Get up an' gle's oor Hogmanay."

One of the most common rhymes was the following brief couplet. Sometimes it was tacked on to one or other of those already given:

"Oor feet's capid, oor shoon's thin, Gle's a piece an' let's rin." Another version has it: "Gle's oor cakes, and let's rin."

Still another old greeting is: "Hogmanay, Trolloday.

Gle's o' your white bread, an' nane o' your gray.

There are many others; the children in some places singing a long ditty. A Hogmanay custom of a very curious kind

peculiar to certain parts of the highlands Young and old in the district gather at the house of some substantial farmer, and one of the stoutest of the company drags the dried hide of a cow round the house behind him, three times. The rest follow, beating the hide with sticks and singing the following extraordinary rhyme:

"Hogmanay, yellow bag, Beat the skin. Carlin in neuk, carlin in kirk, Carlin ben at the fire. Spit in her two eyes, spit in her stomach, Hogmanay."

This is supposed to have something to do with warding off fairy spells, the evil eye and the effect of witchcraft generally. After com-



as Yettlins, Has Been Played Since Time Immemorial."

pleting the third round the company halt at the door and each person proceeds in a rough rhyme, more or less extemporized, to extol the hospitality of the owner of the house, upon which all are regaled with bread and butter, cheese and whisky. But the strange performance has an equally curious sequel. Before leaving the house one of the visitors, having solemnly burned the breast part of the skin of a sheep, puts it to the nose of everyone that he or she may smell it. There is no difficulty in doing so! It may not be nice, but as a pro tection against witchcraft it is infallible. It is

also said to protect from infection. In Carlisle-yes, I know Carlisle is not in Scotland but it is so close to the border that I am not traveling very wide of my subject in mentioning a custom there. In Carlisle for weeks before the New Year householders are serenaded by boys who seek to entertain them with an odd mixture of the comic and the religious, generally winding up with a refrain after this fashion:

"If you cannot spare a penny, You can spare a halfpenny; And if you haven't a haifpenny, God bless you."

The poetry halts badly, but the concluding nent is excellent.

In Elginshire and some other parts in the north there was a curious ditty called "The Thiggars' Chant," which was sung by a band of young persons who visited a number of houses on New Year's Day. It begins:

"The guld New Year is noo begun, Besouthen, besouthen, An' a' the beggars begin to run,

An' awa' by southern toon." The guldwife is appealed to "be nae swelr" to deal her "fordels to the puir," and she is also warned that if she has plenty and will not give anything "the deil will get ye when ye dee." Even were she distinctined to be generous such a therat would, of course, compel hospitality. The party is invited to enter:

'Come in, come ben, you're welcome here, Besouthen, besouthen; Ye'll get a share o' oor New Year cheer,

An' away' by southern toon."

Hogmanay was the chief night for the perpormances of the guisers of gysards, or guizards, although they did not confine themselves to that evening, their "season" continuing right through the Daft Days. In places in which guising still goes on the performances, how-ever, are nearly always on the evening of Hogmanay. The guisers are masquers, and their drama bears some resemblance to the old Twelfth Night mumming in England, and, like it, is believed to be a relic of the mystery

plays. The versions found in different parts of the country are not identical, but they bear a certain family resemblance to each other. The dressing was not by rule, but was entirely dependent on the available "wardrobe." Sometimes the boy performers donned shirts which had belonged to their fathers, adorned their heads with paper caps, and had brilliant sashes round their waists in which were hung swords of lath, or metal if they could be obtained. The most simple form of guising was that in which two boys sang while a third, who was dressed as a girl, and known as Bessle, engaged in a number of antics.

But a more ambitious form was that of the Galashans, or Galatians, or Galoshens-the name varies. The Galashans were hideous masks, paper caps, and such odd garments as



"Not Because He Objected to Mirth and Joviality in Themselves."

they were able to get hold of. One of them announced himself thus: "Galashan, Galashan,

Galashan is my name. Sword and buckler by my side, I hope to win the game.' To which another promptly and flercely re-

torted: "The game, sir, the game, sir, Is not within your power; I'll cut you down in inches In less than half an hour."

A terrific battle ensued, and at last one of the performers was "cut down." A doctor was called for, and there entered a boy clad in a dark suit and a battered tall hat, carrying a bag supposed to contain the implements of his profession. He announced himself as:

'Dr. Brown, The very best doctor in all the town." After a number of antics, including the comic administration of pills from a huge box, the 'dead man" was restored to life. Then "Bes-

sie" went round with a money-box. It is customary in Scotland to "sit out" the old year. In the towns the custom dates from time immemorial, but in the country it was long considered unlucky to be out of bed when the new year was ushered in. Early in the evening the children were washed and put to bed. An oat cake, known as a bannock, was baked for each, and great care had to be taken in the process of baking, for a child whose bannock was broken while being fired would not survive the following year. At half-past eleven the seniors went to bed, but before retiring they covered the fire and carefully swept up the hearth, carrying out of the house every particle of ash. An anxious eye was kept on the fire, however, for to have allowed it to expire before the new year began would have been unlucky.

But it was different in the towns. Then, as now, the streets were crowded at twelve o'clock at night on Hogmanay. It has been said that a generation ago the streets were

PRESIDENT IN MESSAGE RECORD.

THE PRESID



in length, and is over the rocks all the way. At each end is a goal marked by a huge boulder. The yettlins, which give their name to the game, are balls of cast iron.

which give their name to the game, are balls of cast Iron, about two and one-half inches in diameter and weighing about a pound and a half. Each player has a ball, and the object of the game is by repeated throws to cover the distance between the goals. The one who reaches the goal in fewest throws scores a "hall," and a certain number of halis constitute a game. The yettlin goes at immense speed when it is thrown, and the delivery ig pretty high.

Another very remarkable local custom connected with the New Year is the burning of the clavic. It takes place in the little village of Burghead, on the southern shore of the Moray Firth, a few miles north of Elgin, and is quite unique. The ceremony is held invariably on New Year's eve old style. The clavic, which is built according to regulations rigidly fixed by ancient custom, consists of half an archangel tar barrel supported on a stout pole. It is packed with wood, which is piled up a foot above the brim, after which tar is poured over it copiously. Into a space which has been left in the center a piece of turf is put, it being imperative that no match should be employed. While the flame is gather. match should be employed. While the flame is gathering strength the crowd gives three cheers for the king, the provost, the town, the harbor and the railway. Then a stalwart fisherman seizes the blazing clavie and carries it off. As soon as he reaches the junction of two streets he is relieved, and in this way the clavie is carried round the town. At every street corner the bearer is changed. There is keen competition for the honor of carrying the clavic, but it is no light task. Not only is It a heavy burden, but the bearer runs some risk of being scalded by the boiling tar which bubbles and drops. Moreover, it is imperative on the bearer to run, in spite of the fact that a stumble implies his own death during the year and misfortune to the town.

Use of Time.

for twenty years." "What of it?"

"Oh, it was well that I saved all this time, for now I spend two hours daily in the antercom of a dyspepsia special-

reform cooking school?" hasn't any pupils."

rates on grain and grain products over the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad and 15 other railroads operating in central and southern territory, which were to have become effective December 20, were suspended until April 20, by the interstate commerce commission Tuesday.

Negro Slayer Saved From Mob. Chillicothe, Mo.—A mob of two hundred armed men searched the city for several hours in an effort to capture Gordon Kyles, a negro who stabbed to death John Watts, a white man, in front of his home on East Third street. Kyles was arrested and lodged in the county jail.

Better Half Than None.

At a dinner party the other night, a handsome young physician had been heaven?" particularly bringht and entertaining As the ladies were leaving the table, cigars were passed around all accepted by all the male guests with the honey the preacher said was up there exception of the doctor. "What-don't you smoke, doctor?"

he asked. "Why, my dear man, you lose half your dinner by refusing." "I know that," replied the absteminous scientist, "but if I did smoke, Pd lose all of it. Please excuse me. -Cleveland Plain Dealer.

So Annoying. The First Chauffeur: "I ran over another baby this morning." The Second Chauqeur: "Phew That was unlucky!"

The First Chauffeur: "Yes, rotten! Their darned feedin' bottles cut the tires up so!"-Sketch.

A Husband's Rights. According to a Missouri court, a Mamma Bookworm: "Willie, busband has a perfect right to spank come right here and get cleaned. feels like it.-Los Angeles Examiner, timony, haven't you?"-Puck

In the Trusts's Hands. "Ma, do cows and bees go to "Mercy, child, what a question!

Why?" "'Cause if they don't, the milk and must be all canned stuff"-San Francisco Examiner.

Gets It Firsthand. "Does your course of home reading include the profane authors?" "No, I don't need 'em, I belong to golf club."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Suspicions Aroused. "John, do you love your little wife?" 'Yes."

"Do you love me very much?" "Oh, yes."

"Will you always love me?" "Yes—say, woman, what hove you gone and ordered sent home now?"— Pittsburg Post.

Mamma Bookworm: "Willie, you his wife. Sure, and he has a perfect saw you so dirty. You've been eating rgiht to pull a lion's whiskers if he through the pages of that divorce ter-

APRONS ARE VERY FETCHING products of the place upon their neat est of waists with a businesslike but batiste ruffle being nervously rolled Wise Young Girls Realize That They Suggest Homeyness as Well as Coquetry.

Foxy little girls who know the capthey have taken the cue from their that suggests homeyness, as well as a cute thing with the fingers of one tivatingness of an apron! Over in sisters in the factory building, for all coquetry. The psychological effect of hand tucked into her apron pocket. Jerrey City there is a big factory and of them sport aprons of the fetch- an apron in an office can scarcely be answering the visitor's query as to beside it an equally big office building ingest pattern. Some of these cute measured. It is not the young man connected with the same. Now, when affairs are but the merest square of solely who is affected by the apron.

worn by the girls in the office building, where the mussiest thing they have to touch, spparently, is a type.

writer or box of filing cards. Maybe

There is something about an apron

There is something about an apron

"We find them very useful," replied

Twelve strikes, and the bells are tolling.

For the dying year is dead.

With its failures and successes,

The old year has swiftly sped.

A peal for the dawning year.

Pray that we may act aright;

May the New Year bring a blessing

In the dawning, glad New Year.

Peace, and Love, and Hope be with

-R. A.

Helping others, and for others

On all men, afar and near;

In life's battle let us fight."

Softly whispers in our ear:

Hark! the bells are chiming, chiming

"Give the new-born year a greeting,

Hope, with bright wings, rainbow tinted,

a the managed dollar

skirts and blouses. But they are also ton; others are tied in fluttery bows, and unrolled by a thumb and finger,

why they wore them. just a coincidence that so many of us the girls in the factory wear the dotted swiss and face. Some are The most grouchy senior partner can in the office happen to be engaged."

But the office happen to be engaged."

But the visitor didn't think so. She hood of their getting some of the

"I saved ten minutes a day at lunch

Pessimistic.

"Papa, is there such a thing as a "I doubt it, Johnny; if there is, it